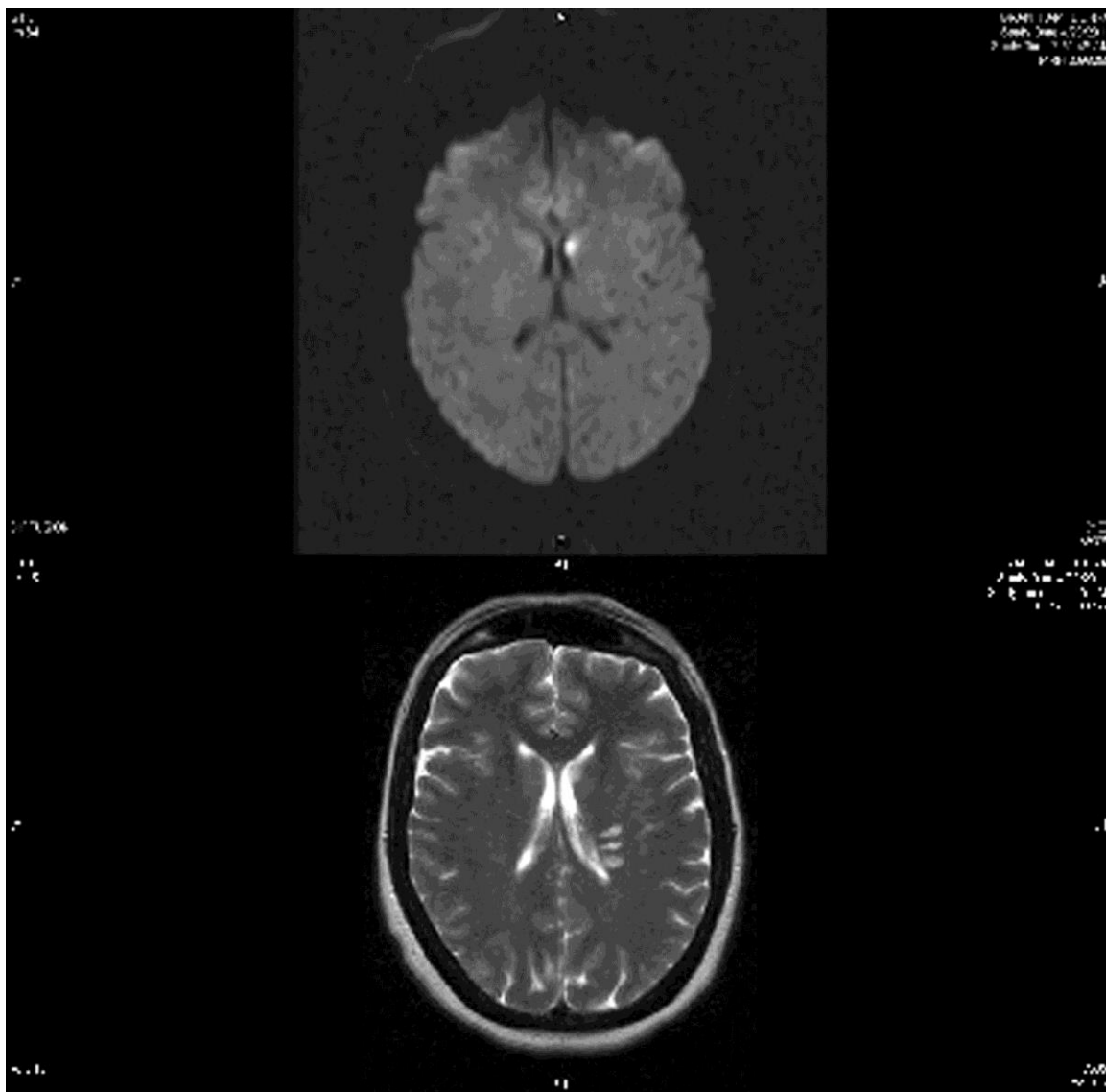


296.64



Patrick Trotti

dedicated to those who gaze at
the silent masses, *we* see you.

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niles oh usa
2013

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WSE66

blank [like my thoughts on tranquilizers]

written in a 72-hour timespan riding a hyper-manic episode.

Pomme treated and cured a hysteric by making her take 'baths, ten or twelve hours a day, for ten whole months.' At the end of this treatment for the desiccation of the nervous system and the heat that sustained it, Pomme saw 'membranous tissues like pieces of damp parchment...peel away with some light discomfort, and these were passed daily with the urine; the right ureter also peeled away and came out whole in the same way.' The same thing occurred with the intestines, which at another stage, 'peeled off their internal tunics, which we saw emerge from the rectum. The esophagus, the arterial trachea, and the tongue also peeled in due course; and the patient had rejected different pieces either by vomiting or by expectoration.'

-The Birth of the Clinic-

Long sentences with commas stringing along complex thoughts molding them into a singular bold vision that never ends. The vocabulary of the forgotten. The illumination of dark places. His gaze is unblinking. His mind at work, turning lesser men into something great just by mentioning them. Always writing forward while looking back. Peeling like a banana, a human's insides turn outwards for the establishment to see. Charted and diagramed, measured as if a scientific experiment. Peeling continuously until there's no more crazy left to peel away. Until there's nothing left but skin and bones.

Terms, labels, word associations, classifications...

Attempting to define individual labels is meta-_____ and subjective, at best. This need to arrange things, to give order to that which is otherwise uncontrollable is something that grows from deep within, in the crevices and mossy parts of our beings. All it needs is a little attention, some minor upkeep and it will, and has already, flourish. *They* said that knowing and admitting is half the problem. I've never met *them* but I'm sure they're wrong. Knowledge is nothing if in the wrong hands. Implementation is the key to it all. But I never possessed the key, wasn't given the power of access to the judgment of others as a profession. I am the lab rat, running on the wheel, looking for a way off, an end to the mental games inflicted upon me. There is no truth, no right, no wrong, just blank space and the need to fill it with words, thoughts, looks, things. Silence is scary but precious. Hold it dearly, grip it tightly. Don't let go. This need to fill the space with something is the real disease. Never content until the forms are filled, the papers put into the system, documented. But what if the ink runs dry? The computers turn off; break just like residents' brains. What then?

PSYCHIATRIST: "Well you appear to...I mean, you don't sound like you're hearing voices."

ME: "Not right now, no. Other than yours, of course."

PSYCHIATRIST: "Right, of course, it just seems to me that you look fine and everything's in order. I mean you don't fit the profile of the usual patient."

ME: SILENCE (LET HIM SQUIRM AFTER THAT.)

-Addict (verb)

1530s (implied in addicted), from Latin addictus, past participle of addicere "to deliver, award, yield; give assent, make over, sell," figuratively "to devote, consecrate; sacrifice, sell out, betray" from ad- "to" (see ad-) + dicere "say, declare" (see diction), but also "adjudge, allot." Earlier in English as an adjective, "delivered, devoted" (1520s).

SELL MYSELF OUT, DEVOTED PRACTITIONER, SACRIFICIAL LAMB, DEVOTED FOLLOWER OF THE POWDER, LIQUID, PILL. I DELIVERED MYSELF WHOLLY, WITHOUT RESERVATIONS, I AWARDED MY BODY WITH ABUSE AND NEGLECT, I YIELDED THUS BECOMING DELIVERED.

-Bizarre (adjective)

1640s, from French bizarre "odd, fantastic" (16c.), originally "handsome, brave," perhaps from Basque bizar "a beard" (the notion being of bearded Spanish soldiers making a strange impression on the French); alternative etymology traces it to Italian bizzarro "angry, fierce, irascible," from bizza "fit of anger."

ANGER, TRIGGER WORD MEANT TO SCARE PEOPLE. FIERCELY ANGRY, TOO MUCH? HANDSOME AND FANTASTIC, IF ONLY TOGETHER.

-Crazy (adjective)

1570s, "diseased, sickly," from craze + -y (2). Meaning "full of cracks or flaws" is from 1580s; that of "of unsound mind, or behaving as so" is from 1610s.

CRACKS AND FLAWS. MIND AS AN OBJECT, NO LONGER HUMAN THING. MUST FIX IT. CALL A PLUMBER, FILL THE CRACKS. DON'T LET THE DAM BREAK!

-Disease (noun)

early 14c., "discomfort, inconvenience," from Old French desaise "lack, want; discomfort, distress; trouble, misfortune; disease, sickness," from des- "without, away" (see dis-) + aise "ease" (see ease).

MERELY A DISCOMFORT, NOTHING MORE THAN AN INCONVENIENCE. LACKING, WANTING; PUTS THE ONUS ON THE SICK. FAULT AND BLAME IS GIVEN. MISFORTUNE SWEEPS IT AWAY, WITHOUT.

-Erratic (adjective)

late 14c., "wandering, moving," from Old French erratique (13c.) and directly from Latin erraticus "wandering, straying, roving," from erratum "an error, mistake, fault," past participle of errare "to wander, err" (see err).

CONSTANT MOVEMENT, FLUIDITY. NOT QUITE SURE WHERE TO GO BUT GOING NONETHELESS. SOMEONE MADE AN ERROR, WHO'S AT FAULT? IS THE MISTAKE OF MY OWN DOING?

-Hallucinate (verb)

c.1600, "deceive," from Latin *alucinatus*, later *hallucinatus*, past participle of *alucinari* "wander (in the mind), dream; talk unreasonably, ramble in thought," probably from Greek *alyein*, Attic *halyein* "be distraught," probably related to *alaomai* "wander about" [Barnhart, Klein]. The Latin ending probably was influenced by *vaticinari* "to prophecy," also "to rave."

IF I'M DECEIVED THAN WHAT/WHO IS DOING THE DECEIVING? BACK TO WANDER, MOVEMENT, ALWAYS HAVE SOMEWHERE I MUST BE. IT'S ONLY A DREAM, LESSENS THE BLOW, MEANT TO EASE BUT REALLY MINIMIZES.

-Insane (adjective)

1550s, from Latin *insanus* "mad, insane; outrageous, excessive, extravagant," from *in-* "not" (see *in-* (1)) + *sanus* "well, healthy, sane" (see *sane*). Originally only of persons; of actions, from 1842. Cf. *lunatic*; and Italian *pazzo* "insane," originally a euphemism, from Latin *patiens* "suffering."

EXTRAVAGANT BUT NO PARTY TO GO TO. MAD, BUT AT WHAT? EXCESSIVE...ACCORDING TO WHO? SUFFERING, CONSTANT SUFFERING. INFLICTED COMES TO MIND.

-Illness (noun)

"disease, sickness," 1680s, from *ill* + *-ness*. Earlier it meant "bad moral quality" (c.1500).

GROWTH OF THE USAGE PARALLEL TO THE GROWTH WITHIN ME. ILLNESS BLOSSOMS FROM A CASE OF MORALITY TO ONE OF PHYSICAL SICKNESS.

-Lunatic (adjective)

late 13c., "affected with periodic insanity, dependent on the changes of the moon," from Old French *lunatique*, *lunage* "insane," or directly from Late Latin *lunaticus* "moon-struck," from Latin *luna* "moon" (see *Luna*). Cf. Old English *monseoc* "lunatic," literally "moon-sick;" Middle High German *lune* "humor, temper, mood, whim, fancy" (German *Laune*).

THE MOON, MY FRIEND BEING A NIGHT OWL. NEVER LIKED THE MORNING HOURS. STRUCK, HYPNOTIC, SICK WITH FANCIFUL WHIMS

AND TEMPERATURE OF AN ILL TEMPER AND GHASTLY SENSE OF HUMOR.

-Mania (noun)

late 14c., "mental derangement characterized by excitement and delusion," from Late Latin mania "insanity, madness," from Greek mania "madness, frenzy; enthusiasm, inspired frenzy; mad passion, fury," related to mainesthai "to rage, go mad," mantis "seer," menos "passion, spirit," all from PIE *men- "to think, to have one's mind aroused, rage, be furious" (see mind (n.)).

ENTHUSIASM, EXTRA CREDIT IN SCHOOL. INSPIRED, CONQUER GREAT PROBLEMS. MAD PASSION, AS OPPOSED TO THE GOOD KIND, THE BREAKING UP OF PASSION INTO POLAR OPPOSITES STRIPS THE VERY SOUL/ACT OF THE WORD INTO SOMETHING STALE AND ACADEMIC. I'M EXCITED BUT I HAVE TO HIDE IT.

-Obsess (verb)

c.1500, "to besiege," from Latin obsessus, past participle of obsidere "watch closely; besiege, occupy; stay, remain, abide" literally "sit opposite to," from ob "against" (see ob-) + sedere "sit" (see sedentary). Of evil spirits, "to haunt," from 1530s. Psychological sense is 20c.

ARMIES OF MEN BESEIGED THE SHORES OF BATTLE. THE SNIPERS, HIGH ATOP THE MOUNTAINS WATCHED CLOSELY AND STOOD THEIR GROUND. (CONFRONTATION ENSUES) OCCUPY, A PLACE UNFOUND ON A MAP BUT I KNOW IT'S THERE. HAUNTING ME WITH ITS MERCURIAL PRESENCE.

-Psychosis (noun)

1847, "mental derangement," Modern Latin, from Greek psykhe- "mind" (see psyche) + -osis "abnormal condition." Greek psykhosis meant "a giving of life; animation; principle of life."

AB- I WHISPER, NORMAL I YELL. MY LIFE IS A CARTOON, ANIMATED FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF OTHERS. WHOM DO I GIVE MY LIFE TO? CAN I CHOOSE THE PERSON, THE ENTITY, OR IS THAT TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HANDLE?

-Schizo-

word-forming element meaning "division; split, cleavage," from Latinized form of Greek skhizo-, comb. form of skhizein "to split, cleave, part, separate," from PIE root *skei- "to cut, separate, divide, part, split."

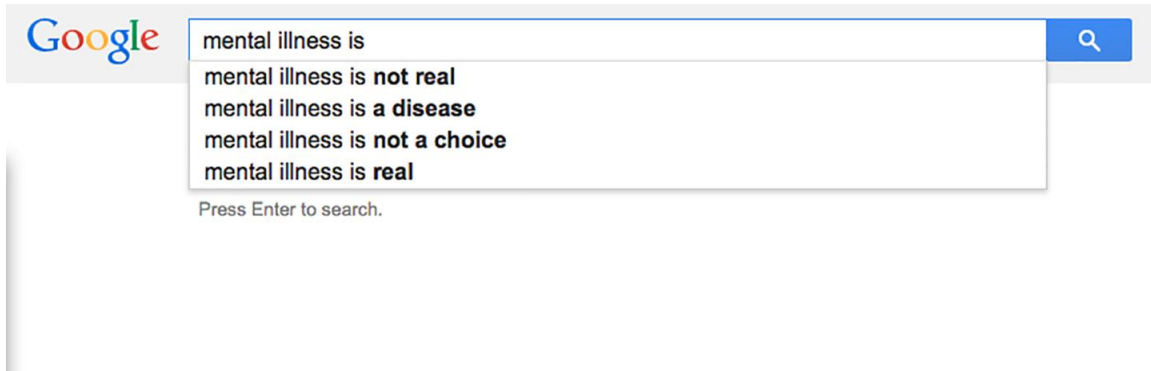
BACK TO PHYSICAL OBJECTS INSERTING THEMSELVES IN BETWEEN MY EARS. CLEAVAGE DOESN'T SOUND BAD, DOES IT? A FRIEND

COMPLAINS OF A SPLITTING HEADACHE, HA, I'VE GOT HIM BEAT, MY HEAD IS SPLIT! CUT, CLEAVED LIKE AN ANIMAL.

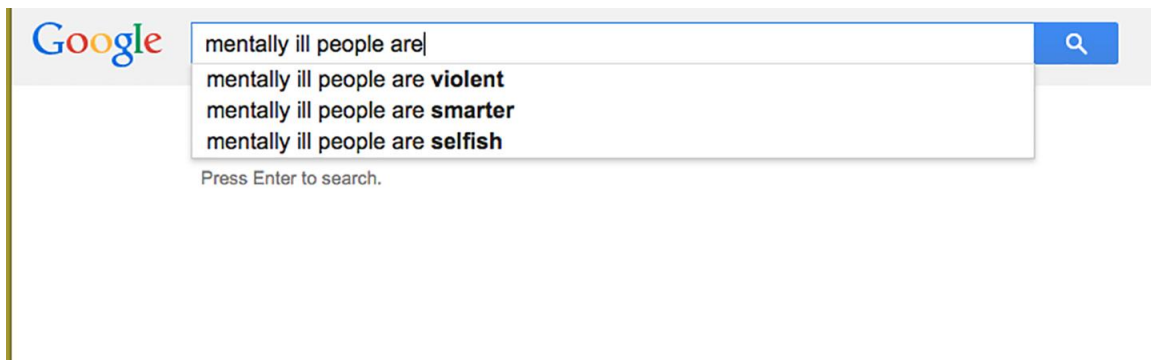
-Volatile (adjective)

1590s "fine or light," also "evaporating rapidly" (c.1600), from Middle French volatile, from Latin volatilis "fleeting, transitory, flying," from past participle stem of volare "to fly" (see volant). Sense of "readily changing, fickle" is first recorded 1640s.

MORE MOVEMENT. I'M TIRED FROM THE MOVEMENT. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M SO FICKLE, THE LACK OF A CONSTANT, KNOWN, SURROUNDING KEEPS ME LOOKING FOR THE LIGHT.



***Google as judge and jury.
Why would I expect the public to?
Mixed messages via mass media.***



I was seated in an office. Books lined the wall. It's dark, save for a desk lamp that was glowing in the middle of the room. The man behind the light looked familiar but not in the personal sense. He's famous, dead, but here right now. His head was bald and his face was smooth, no hair, no wrinkles. The only window outside was small. We were in the city of lights. The man had just come back from my home country, had partaken in the underbelly of a scene. Sought the pleasure and gave in to his desires. He was older now, looked sickly but yet still of able mind. Behind him was a wall of books, mostly friends and contemporaries, philosophers, critics, academics. A few of his own books stacked on the ground. They had titles that drew me closer. Words like madness, civilization, birth, death, clinic, labyrinth, order, discipline, punish, archaeology, knowledge, sexuality. These were his thoughts, his beliefs, his life's work that rose a few feet from the ground. His own personal temple of considerations. He didn't speak, he was awake but he didn't make eye contact. He sat and waited, content in the silence that entombed us. I made the first move, got up from my chair. Removed the wooden obstacle between us. Circumvented my own prior rules and allowed pleasure free reign. I didn't stand next to him; I couldn't possibly tower over such a dominant mind, such an exuberant force of thinking. I knelt down, inches from his feet. I tied his laces together, scared that he'd try to get away. I was anxious, getting greedy. A conversation with him would've been the highlight of my short life but I wanted him. I unzipped his pants, took his member in my mouth. My own silent tribute to the man, now older, that had lit a flame inside me with nothing more than his pen. Swallowed. Made sure that I kept a part of him inside of me, if only for a moment. There were no words after that, just a cigarette shared silently between us as the darkness grew outside. I had gotten my face fucked by Foucault. The poetry of that sentence. The realness of that dream. The passion in the choices. The misery in waking up. Empty, lips dry, throat unsalted. I was with him briefly, in my head with his head in me. Time was up, session over, no more French Connection, just his willful gaze in my direction, at the back of my head (repeat from a few minutes ago) as I left the office and returned home. I stopped at the library first and checked out a few of his books. I chose them based on the author photo. I wanted a younger, healthier version of the man I just knelt before. I took out a few of his earliest works, the ones where he was smiling into the camera. I never returned them, paid the late fee. Worth it. Now I've got four of him looking at me with a grin around my bed.



Pills so bright they almost make me forget that they're altering my mind.



Bars and circles, shapes I learned in pre-k.



Upon further examination we the people...have come to the consensus that there is no consensus, no conclusion satisfactory enough to please everyone. We leave it to you, trusted practitioners of pill pushing, daytime denizens of wards and hospitals, to determine our fate. We've already given up once, right? What's the point of fighting over semantics? The literature has already given us labels. Labels as diagnosis, labels as medicinal relief from diagnosis. Labels if you speak up, signs of irrational behavior, too low a dosage, needs some tweaking. Labels if you remain silent, what's wrong? Your actions will be documented, used against you at a future place and time. Your inaction will also be catalogued, highlighted and underlined as evidentiary materials in the case that is your brain. Paranoid? Good possibility, safe bet. But house money always wins so what's the point? More question marks, less answers. It makes *them* feel squeamish not to have an answer, an explanation. I like, no yearn for the in between, those moments, those looks, those feelings of *being*. Nothing more, nothing less. If I am then how am I not? I asked my therapist this and he wrote another prescription for me. But again, if I am (me) then how am I not (me i.e. ill/diseased)? He didn't understand, and on my bad days I don't either but it's my ability to merely ask the question that keeps me being one of their toys, their puppets, their test cases. If I can question. Question terms, question protocol, question procedure, then I've already won. They can't do anything to me that hasn't already been done to me by (a part of) me.

(NEW) PSYCHIATRIST: "So, it's been diagnosed before?"

ME: "Yeah, why?"

(NEW) PSYCHIATRIST: "No, I just want to make sure that your files are correct and up to date." LOOKS AT COMPUTER AND TYPES. "So, it's legit bi-polar, right? Because you seem to be rather well put together right now."

ME: (SILENCE)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ROYCE WHITE

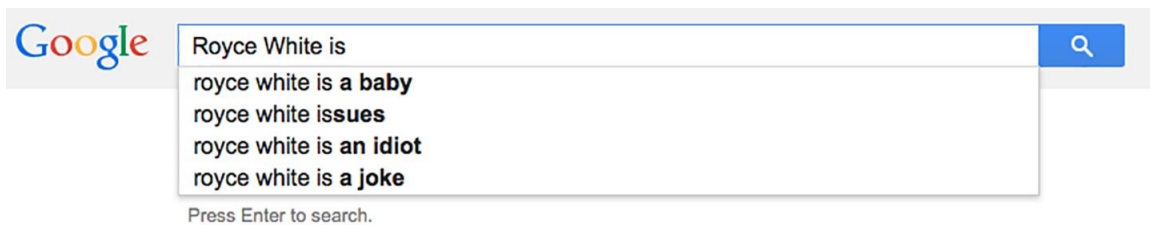
(AS WITNESSED BY A FELLOW #ANXIETYTROOPER AND FORMER BASKETBALL PLAYER)

— TheSharpElectricStar (@SharpElectrStar) November 14, 2012
@highway_30 you are just butt hurt that you got booted into the DLeague. We know the story now and there's no excuse.

— fei xie (@teachwonna) November 14, 2012
@highway_30 are you sure you got the right diagnosis because you sound like a schizo ...

— Arshia Morek (@ArshiaMorek) November 14, 2012
@highway_30 stop crying. Man up

— James Franco (@phillupinski12) November 14, 2012
@highway_30 dude your mad u got sent to the d league stop using some bs anxiety to cover that up



The pedestal, machismo, ignorance of professional sports. Can't be a man with a label that's vulnerable? "Fans" turn to angry masses when an athlete fights back. Millions are at stake but so is an individual's mental health.

It was a long trip through the countryside. It was gloomy out, rain and fog hung over the train like a wet blanket. I didn't tell anyone about my trip. I'd been planning it for some time though. I went with as little as possible. Less for them to check. The town was small, a market and main street, nothing more. I arrived at the gates of the hospital by way of walking. There were no taxis, no buses. It wasn't that type of place. This wasn't a destination, it was an end point, a resting place. She was on the top floor, five, on the East wing of the hospital. I waited in the general room, surrounded by beige colored walls and furniture bolted into the ground. She came in and everything else faded into the background. She looked lifeless, unhappy, a shell of her former vibrant self. I asked her if Scott had been up to visit. She just shook her head. He only sent telegraphs to the doctors about her treatment. It was a business transaction, nothing more in her eyes. No one called her by her full name here, the doctors and nurses all called her Mrs. Fitzgerald. Not Zelda, she was attached to Scott, nothing more than a wife, a part of him. Her individual being was confined to her illness. She'd just gotten done with her treatment. Her hands were shaking from the shocks, her hair frayed at the tips. She wore a long nightgown, no shoes. Her feet had calluses on them. No sparkling jewelry either. Just her, no amount of smiling or batting of her eyelashes could hide her suffering. I quietly pushed a pencil and some paper to her under the table. She seemed to perk up, if only for a moment. *They haven't let me write since I came here. Scott convinced the doctors that that was my problem in the first place. He's out in Hollywood right now.* I had nothing to say, never met the man. Only heard stories of him in the papers. *I want, I need to write. You can't imagine the type of stuff that happens here. The food, the smells, the screams in the middle of the night. I'm getting worse in here.* I nodded along, unsure of what to say. I took out a cigarette and lit it for her. Each time the guard or nurse passed by I'd grab it from her lips and pretend I was smoking. She inhaled deeply, almost testing to see the limits of her lungs. I wanted to hug her, to tell her it would be alright. She looked so frail, so tiny. I worried that I'd crush her with my embrace. *It's nice to talk to someone who is interested in having a conversation. Everyone else here just listens to me so they can use it against me later on.* I told her she'd come out of this stronger somehow. She looked at me and smiled, *Honey, I doubt that very much. I still haven't hit bottom. Scott's pushing me down and he won't be happy until he's got me completely under his control.* She scribbled a note on one of the papers and folded it up and handed it to me before we said goodbye. I waited until I was on the train home to open it. *Tell them, everyone, not to forget about me.*

Learning the alphabet from inside a ward.
Taught to comply, adapt or stay indefinitely.

-

Acute breakdown. Chronically disabled.

Emotional freak, grandiose.

Hysterically impulsive. Jubilant kook.

Loony, mental, neurotic, obsessive patient.

Quirky, regressed schizoid tranquilized. Unstable and violent.

Wild, x [sign here for consent]. Youthful and zany.

-

Now I know my ABC's, won't you sing along with me?
Make sure not to sing too loud, the sedatives are being readied.

If you say it, does it mean you own the words? Are they yours or just a Xerox of a prior idea? The question mark is the closest thing to truth on the keyboard. The only button pressed that actually leaves you vulnerable. But because of the side effects, which were deemed insignificant at the time, of my medication (I'M SICK HELP ME!) I'm forced to abandon the way I used to write. First draft ALWAYS hand written. No more. Hand tremors forced the pen down. The keyboard isn't that bad, not nearly as toxic as the levels of generic drugs I have coursing through my veins at any given minute. I'm forced to type with my two index fingers, the other eight already surrendered to big pharma. But I won't stop typing, never! The act of defiance, no matter how big or small doesn't matter. The stubbornness isn't the issue. It's the lack of stubbornness that should worry you. My keyboard is my vocal chord, an extension of me, all of me (even the diseased parts). *They* put a label on me and I reword it. Turn it back on *them*, flip it not for the sake of doing so but to take ownership. To forcibly transfer the power *they* have over me with big words and medical jargon and place it in my vocabulary. *They* say to take ownership of your illness/disease, to accept it but then *they* throw labels with malice and disregard. After *you* finish trying to rip away all of my sense of self worth and pride under the guise of treatment, after *you* talk down to me, I will stand up and reroute the conversation. Change the literature. *You* radically alter my brain with *your* pills so I'm going to radically alter the way *you* talk to me, perceive me. Face to face with a crazy person, how do *you* feel now? The reason I'm here is because I've lost control but that control went somewhere within, an internal struggle for supremacy. *You* won't add to it, I won't let *you*. Now you're trying to get me to externalize this loss, speak of what is unexplainable to someone who hasn't had it happen to them. *You* teach me a new language, one of retreat, acceptance. *You* want me to take pills. *You* deem me broken but fixable (yay!) and *you* know just what I need to get back to *normal*. I'm a patient, a health insurance policy number on a chart. It's an endless line out there, constant demand. Self-help, self-label. Small talk at \$100 an hour. Notepad used to doodle the time away with a few nods of the head along the way. I see *you*, see through *you*, but not the way *you* see me. *You* look from above, I look within.

JUST BECAUSE YOU SAY SO, DOESN'T MEAN I AM

?

JUST BECAUSE I ACT SO, DOESN'T MEAN I'M NOT

?

JUST BECAUSE YOU TELL ME, DOESN'T MEAN I
LISTEN

?

JUST BECAUSE YOU

?

JUST BECAUSE ME

?

BECAUSE OF YOU

?

I AM *ME*. I AM. I.

...

TREATMENT PLAN

Bold and capitalized, another way to show their authority. Identified through numbers not by name. Seven figures are given to me. Marked like a prisoner, not a human. Something to be filed away.

Problem, goal, objectives. Repeat until all my complications are explained. Advice in black and white, no conversation. They give and I take. Incompliance is grounds for resident status, loss of freedom.

Five separate Axis', with a modifier in the middle.

Bipolar Disorder I, mixed, sever w/ psychotic features
Polysubstance dependence
Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder
Panic Disorder w/ agoraphobia
Avoidant Personality Disorder

Numbers replace explanations, definitions.
296.64, 304.80, 300.21, 300.3, 301.82

All grouped together in the mental Dewey Decimal System. Further compartmentalization of my issues. The word disorder capitalized giving it power, order where there is none.

GAF: 45

In the range of 41-50

Serious symptoms (e.g., suicidal ideation, severe obsessional rituals) *or* any serious impairment in social, occupational, or school functioning (e.g., no friends, unable to keep a job, cannot work).

I failed the only test that mattered. To climb from serious, I must leap over mild and moderate to get to minimal. Minimal is a grade of B, in the eighties. I wish I could study for this test. If I could, I'd cheat, show off my functionality by framing the score or putting it on my fridge.

**PATRICK TROTTI IS THE SUM OF HIS
DEFICIENT PARTS. HIS WEAKNESSES ARE
HIS STRENGTHS AND HIS STRENGTHS HAVE
BEEN GREATLY OVER ESTIMATED. HE
WRITES WORDS SO HE DOESN'T HAVE TO
SPEAK TO PEOPLE. HE'S DONE THIS
BEFORE AND HE'LL CONTINUE TO DO IT
UNTIL HE HAS NOTHING LEFT TO SAY.**

www.patricktrotti.com